

## **The Entrepreneur's Regime – Part 2**

### **By Anthony Byrne**

All of the BAB executives were wincing in fear. They were completely bewildered by what had happened. Was it a trick? Maybe it was a prank procured by the hostile CEO of Beanie Babie Inc, London. "How did this happen?" asked one of the nameless other BAB executives. "Shut up you buffoon! We have more important matters to attend to, like..... Who's going to sign our controversial big bonuses that we got from the government?" cried another. "Oh my gosh your right!" exclaimed others.

While the disheartened executives sulked over the loss of their boss, 24 floors down, the spirited alliance of the Anti-BABers were throwing a party in their lair, The Anti-BABatory. "We finally rid ourselves of that malignant fool!" shouted an agent whose codename was "Lollipop Panther". "He can no longer inflict pain on us!" yelled Poly-Cotton Butterfly. "We're free!" chanted the whole group.

While the Anti-BABers were in their virtual paradise, about 2 floors up, the normal factory drones were clueless. They all just scurried around for no apparent reason. They were so used to the orthodox ways of working over a hot machine until it was past midnight, that the absence of an angry, inflammable Paris with his proclivity to pelt them with cash left a void in their minds.

This confusion continued for a few days, in which the BAB production area was fruitless, leaving many BAB locations extremely low on bears, especially in bucolic areas. A giant Beanie Babie still sat in Paris' office, a room which has been ostracized by the maintenance crew. So the giant doll sits there, sodden from a sudden rise in humidity, gathering dust.

The BAB executives hired a detective to investigate the incident. He interviewed every employee, including the Anti-BABers. However, the sly Anti-BABers each vindicated themselves so well that they were labeled "least likely to be suspect" by the detective. There were, however, a plethora of leads coming in to the detective. Many of which blamed London, the wayward CEO of Beanie Babie for the loss of Paris. However, this theory was disproved when it was found that London had been in Finland for the last 5 months on vacation. Paris' family was not *completely* mortified by the loss, as Paris did have a very comprehensive life insurance plan.

However, after exactly 10 days, 7 hours, 22 minutes, 6 seconds, and 51 nanoseconds, a call came in.....

TO BE CONTINUED....(MAYBE)

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